

# Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

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## Official Directory.

LOWMEYER H. DAVIS, M. C., Fourth District, Cape Girardeau.  
BERNARD ZWART, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court, Ironton.  
LOUIS F. DINNING, Judge 26th Circuit, Ironton.  
WILL R. EDGAR, Prosecuting Attorney, Ironton.  
J. W. BERRYMAN, Representative, Arcadia.  
FRANK DINGER, President Judge, Ironton.  
JOSEPH L. STEPHENS, Bellevue, and JOHN E. M. FEE, Des Arc, Associate Judges.  
JOHN F. T. EDWARDS, Judge of Probate Court, Ironton.  
JAMES BUFORD, Sheriff and Collector, Ironton.  
JOSEPH HUFF, Clerk Circuit Court, Ironton.  
G. B. NALL, Clerk County Court, Ironton.  
G. B. WHITWORTH, Treasurer, Ironton.  
WM. E. BULL, Assessor, Bellevue.  
JACOB T. AKE, Public Administrator, Ironton.  
DR. N. C. GRIFFITH, Coroner, Ironton.

Circuit Court is held on the Fourth Monday in October and April.  
County Court convenes on the First Monday of March, June, September and December.  
Probate Court is held on the First Monday in February, May, August and November.

## Societies.

MEDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets on the First and Third Tuesdays in every month at 7 o'clock p. m., in the Masonic Hall, Ironton.  
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, Ironton, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.  
MOSAIC LODGE No. 351, A. F. & A. M., meets in the Masonic Hall, Cross Roads, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.  
IRON LODGE No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening, at its Hall, in Ironton.  
PRINCE LODGE No. 330, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, in Masonic Hall, Cross Roads.  
IRON LODGE No. 6, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday evening, at its Hall, in Ironton.

## Churches.

Mass every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. in the Chapel of the Arcadia College. Evening instruction, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at 3 o'clock. At Pilot Knob Catholic Church Mass is celebrated every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.  
M. E. Church, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, Ironton, M. Bell, Pastor. Residence, Ironton, Mo. Services, Second and Fourth Sundays in each month. Sabbath School every Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

**FRANK DINGER,**  
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,  
Real Estate Agent,  
And Agent for the Mutual Life and Home Fire Insurance Companies of New York, and the "Etna Insurance Company."  
Office—One door north of the Ironton House, IRONTON, MO.

**BERNARD ZWART,**  
COM' R U. S. CIRCUIT COURT, E. DIST. MO.,  
Ironton, Missouri.  
PAYS PROMPT ATTENTION  
To Collections, taking depositions, Paying taxes in all counties in Southeast Missouri, to settlements of Estate and Partnership accounts, Business at the land office, purchase and sale of Mineral lands, and all Law-Business entrusted to his care; Examination of land titles and conveying a specialty.

**C. D. YANCEY**  
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Prosecuting Attorney for Iron Co., IRONTON, MO.  
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to Collections, and all Business in the State Courts. Office, south of courthouse square.

**FRANK COOLEY,**  
Attorney at Law,  
FARMINGTON, MISSOURI,  
GIVES prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to him.

**Dr. A. S. Prince,**  
DENTIST  
IRONTON, MO.  
Room 13, AMERICAN HOTEL.

TENDERS his professional services to the people of this section. He will be found at all times at the place above named, and will give prompt attention to the demands of his patrons.

Highest Medal at Vienna and Philadelphia.

**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,**  
591 Broadway, New York,  
MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
Velvet Frames, Albums, Graphoscopes,  
Stereoscopes and Views,  
Engravings, Chromos,  
Photographs,  
And kindred goods—Celebrities, Actresses, etc.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.**  
We are Headquarters for everything in the way of STEREOTYPES and MAGIC LANTERNS.  
Each style being the best of its class in the market.  
Beautiful Photographic Transparencies of Statuary and Engravings for the window.  
Convex Glass. Manufacturers of Velvet Frames for Miniatures and Convex Glass Pictures.  
jan9-6m  
Catalogues of Lanterns and Slides, with directions for using, sent on receipt of ten cents.

laid across the front end of the spring-wagon. Chuck's rope was fastened to the rear and Jerome drove off while I stood in the door, laughing at his ludicrous appearance. I thought he did it for drollery; but at night he returned, sans dog, gun and watch, and accompanied by a boy who led a spotted two-year-old heifer—a little beauty, notwithstanding she was as lean as a hound. I named her Calico on the spot. The next spring she gave milk, and to this day Calico is one of my staunchest friends and allies. I accused Jerry of having swindled somebody dreadfully in that trade. He called me his second conscience and told me "quiet right down," for it was all perfectly straight and honest.

"I traded," said he, "with old Tom Wallace. He had four head of young cattle and scant fodder for three, so you see, the heifer or one of her companions must have starved before spring. He was keen to trade; said the dog and gun would help him to his winter meat, and the watch would stand the old woman and himself a third month credit at Jupp's grocery for tea and tobacco. Then, too, if you must know I gave him three dollars in money—more than he has had at one time in many a long day."

We moved into our new dwelling when it was little more than half completed. The work stopped when the funds ran low, for Jerome would not contract a heavy debt to the builder. We were not alone in occupying an unfinished domicile. It would have cost little to us if we had been. We passed under our unpainted lintel and proceeded to arrange our few things with hearts as light as birds at nest-making. I took my little school into the parlor, and managed to teach it faithfully, and do my house-work out of hours. More than this, I took a board. I took him one day in Jerome's absence and I am firmly of the opinion that if our lives had not been controlled by principle rather than impulse, we would have quarreled seriously over that.

"What did you do for?" asked Dr. Jerome, with a volume of discontent in his voice.

"For the money," I replied. "For dollars a week!"

"Mercenary woman!" he exclaimed.

"To sacrifice the sacred privacy of our table and fireside for the paltry sum of four dollars a week!"

Mr. Lemuel Robertson, our boarder was a short, rather stout man of about forty-five. I should say, though he carried himself with the slow grave dignity of a much older man. He had one of the very kindest of faces, which, when you talked to him, had a way of expressing every degree of interest by looks, interrogation and exclamation. His language, which was always scrupulously grammatical and well chosen, was all most carefully pointed and emphasized. He had not been in the house three days before Jerome gave him—behind his back, of course—the sobriquet of "Pratt."

**BEST IN THE WORLD!**  
**CHURCH & CO'S**  
**SODA**  
ABSOLUTELY AND PERFECTLY PURE.  
Impure Bicarb Soda is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, but when dissolved in water, it leaves a white residue. CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.  
See that your Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL BAKING SUBSTANCES used for food.  
A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of Soda is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (not preferred) in clear glasses, stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved. The deleterious insoluble matter in the inferior Soda will be shown after settling some twenty minutes or sooner, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating frothy matter according to quality.  
Be sure and ask for Church & Co's Soda and see that their name is on the package and you will get the purest and whitest made. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.  
See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.  
• SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

**Something New!**  
**Jos. A. Hughes**  
HAS OPENED A  
**FRUIT AND NOTION STORE,**  
ON MAIN STREET,  
(Opposite John Moore's Store),  
Where a general assortment of  
**Green and Canned Fruits**  
Can always be found.  
Also, Oysters, Crackers, Sardines, Salmon, Lobsters, and almost everything else in that line, and will be sold at as low prices as can be found anywhere in the market.

**CALL AND SEE.**  
**JOS. A. HUGHES.**  
Ironton, Mo., April 6th.

A tramp hid himself in a freight car at Kansas City to steal a ride to St. Louis. He was successful, but it will require weeks of treatment in a hospital to cure him of the consequences of the journey. He was five days on the way without food, and imprisoned by the locking of the door.

The residents of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, heard a great noise in the night, and were so frightened that they remained in bed until morning. Then they found that a considerable mountain in the neighborhood had disappeared, and where it had stood was an enormously deep and wide hole.

Two Illinois boys accidentally discharged a pistol while playing with it, and one was badly wounded. Fearing parental displeasure, they buried the weapon and told a harrowing story about an assault by a murderous tramp. The region was searched during two days and nights for the mythical villain before the young liars, under cross-questioning, confessed the truth.

The Missouri fish commission are in receipt every two weeks of a limited supply of California red-sided trout (Salmo Irizen). These eggs are now being hatched at the hatchery of the Belleville Fishing Club, ten miles from St. Louis. Parties having suitable spring brook waters, public or private, can obtain a limited number of this beautiful and splendid game fish by applying to the chairman of the commission, Dr. Steedman, 2803 Pine street, St. Louis. Applicants must give accurate descriptions of waters, and if these waters are regarded as adapted to this fish, each applicant will be notified when he can receive the young fry at Union depot, St. Louis. It is said that these fish will live in waters ten degrees warmer than Easter trout will live.

While Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was speaking on the Kellogg case the other day, he took up one of the cipher telegrams, which read as follows:

To General A. S. Badger, Collector of Customs, New Orleans:  
Please appoint—and permanently; Important. Hat all can while pear absent Hawley little easier; pear away week.

AMITY.  
This was translated by Mr. Vance into very intelligible English, as follows:  
Please appoint—and permanently. Important. Appoint all you can while Sherman is away this week. KELLOGG.

Just at this point Mr. Vance turned toward Kellogg, who most inopportunistically, and by the merest accident of course, was vanishing from the Senate chamber, and said he supposed the Senator from Louisiana would correct him if he were in error. Seeing that Kellogg had decamped, fled ingloriously from the field, Mr. Vance, with a twinkle of humor in his eyes, but with all gravity said:  
"He smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled upon the floor;  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

It was some time before the grave and reverend Senators could sufficiently restrain their laughter at this most palatable hit to permit Mr. Vance to proceed with his argument.

As day after day goes by, the hope of ever again seeing the three hundred ladies who sailed away from their English homes in the Atalanta grows very faint. There is barely a possibility that the training ship is afloat. She was thought to be a staunch vessel. In 1853, when she was the Juno and carried twenty-six guns, she was commissioned as senior officers' ship on the Australian station. That she should have been thought worthy of this important duty shows that she was then considered a serviceable ship. During that commission of four years, she had plenty of hard work, and many long and tempestuous voyages in African, Indian, and Asiatic waters. On the coast of Arabia, she beat to windward once three hundred miles against a strong southwest monsoon; she met a terrific gale to the southeast of New Zealand, and hard weather on the South Pacific Ocean. In all these she behaved remarkably well, says Commander Key, who sailed in her. But that was nearly thirty years ago, and ships do not last forever. She was then manned, moreover, by a full crew of competent seamen, able to handle any vessel in any gale, if men could handle her. But when the Atalanta quit England for her cruise she had but eleven able seamen on board. The rest of the crew were the lads, who certainly can not be expected to handle a vessel in a tempest, even though they were all plucky.

## Our Johnny's Composition.

Once there was a man that had a young cow. He was living in a kind of a southerly country, and the cow used to go down to a pretty little lake, or lagoon, or bayou, or slough, or something, to get her little drinks.

Now there was alligators in that lake or et cetera.  
Alligators lay eggs and, somehow, hatches them out. I don't see why they don't break them; I know I would. You know, as uncle Ned says, alligators is liable to be weighty. But, at any rate, young alligators manages to come into being.

Well, this young cow, she went down to the lake, et cetera, and she drank. She was a thoughtful animal and she swallowed something. Of course, uncle Ned says, she went there to swallow something—but then he's often too smart for any use.

Howsomever, or however, that cow began to grow longways. That is, she measured (when she measured at all) more from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail, than she did from the end of her tail to the tip of her nose.—And she thought she was gittin' to be a good deal of a cow for a young one.

CHAP. XLV.

Years went by. Several.  
That cow grew, longways. She used to tell a good deal, but that didn't seem to bother the man that owned her much. He just let her grow. After a while she got to have seventy-five ribs on one side and about a hundred on the other and they couldn't pen her up in less than a ten acre lot. (Uncle Ned says there's a lot in that.)

About thirty-five years after, that young cow died at the hands of a murderous butcher. He had bought that poor young cow at weight on the town scales, and by it, which is not always the result to butchers.

He got a live alligator out of that young cow over forty-three feet long, and he sold it for seventy-five thousand dollars to Barnum.

I wish I lived down in that southerly country and had a cow.

JOHNNY.

## The Gaudalupe Valley Near Gonzales, Texas.

Being detained in Gonzales awaiting a conveyance to Rancho, I put in an hour or so looking at the town, which was originally settled by Spaniards, and still bears evidence of the Spanish idea of laying off streets, plazas and grounds.

From the southwest corner of the main plaza can be seen the eminence on the western eminence of the Gaudalupe, where Santa Anna placed a battery to shell the town during the war between Texas and Mexico. General Houston abandoned the place, when it was occupied by the Mexican forces, pillaged, and totally destroyed by fire.

It is now a thriving business place, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, one bank and several large mercantile houses.

I next invested fifty cents in fishing tackle, subsidized a small boy of African "scout" to dig bait, and then lit out for the Gaudalupe and catfish. Entering the valley above the town, I was at once charmed and delighted with the beautiful park-like scenery. There was no undergrowth to mar the pleasure of the walk. The great live oaks with their dense deep green foliage afforded a pleasant contrast against the gray masses of the hanging moss. The river gently rippled as it flowed between high, flower-fringed banks. Myriads of bright plumaged birds were darting about amid the trees, among them the finest mockers I ever saw, echoing the notes of every bird in the forest.

I forgot my catfish, I forgot myself, and wandered on and on through this Elysium, until near noon I found myself opposite the confluence of the San Marcos and Gaudalupe rivers, and several miles from town.

Throwing myself down on a moss-covered mound beneath a cluster of beautiful but stange trees,—very low, but with dense wide-spreading branches and very long, narrow leaves,—I glanced over the landscape.

The lazy cattle, fed to satiety upon the luxuriant grasses, were lying in the shade of the trees. A gentle sea breeze from the Gulf of Mexico had sprung up, and was sighing amid the leaves. The carol of the birds, so loud and so gay in the morning, under the influence of the mid-day sun, had subsided to a gentle, plaintive twitter.

The great rushing, bustling, hurrying world, with its jealousies and bickerings, its failures and frauds, its tri-

umphs and traffics, was far away—apparently on another planet—and stillness, unmarred by mortal labor or strife, reigned supreme o'er the scene.

The soft blue sky, seemingly just above the tree tops, was smiling through the spaces between the leaves. The tropical sun, tempered by the gentle sea breeze and mild spring air, struggled through occasional spaces in the foliage, making bright golden spots amid the flowers and waving green grass. The land breeze from the Gulf, fragrant with the perfume of the range, magnolia and wild flowers of the pampas, brushed the hair from my heated brow, and I slept. C. D.

## Pennsylvania Sure for Grant.

It is amusing to read the speculations about the Pennsylvania delegation to Chicago, and especially the wild stories set afloat by the Blaine men. It is all the purest and iddest nonsense.

The delegation belongs to Senator Cameron; if it was formally made over to him, instructed for Grant and tied with the unit rule. The power that carried the Convention against the will of the people will control the delegation to the end. If the Ring was able to prostitute the State Administration to the release of Kemble and his associates, and to bend the Republican party to the support and endorsement of the Riot bill corruptions, why should it not be able to hold the State to the nomination of Grant, and the assumption of all the iniquities of the Grant Administration? Mr. Cameron says the whole vote will be cast for Grant just as certainly as his—Cameron's—hair is red.

Now it is perfectly evident that the young Boss's hair is red, and it is equally clear that he knows precisely what he is talking about. We hear a deal of twaddle about the Philadelphia delegates greasing their heels to kick. They will do nothing of the kind. They will appear to a man at Chicago shod with the moccasins of the Winnebago, and ready to follow the hereditary chief.

The local tickets are worth more to them than the Presidency, and where would they be if Cameron should avert his face and cut off the supplies? The State deposits might even be removed from Kemble's bank—those deposits the interest from which has so long swelled their corruptions fund to comfortable proportions. It may be taken for granted that Philadelphia and all Pennsylvania lies snugly enough under Mr. Cameron's thumb.

Mr. Blaine lost the battle once for all by the treachery or the timidity of his friends at Harrisburg, where, although the Blaine men were in an honest majority, Mr. Cameron was allowed to take the delegation, the unit rule, and instructions for Grant. Courage and discipline won the stakes and courage and discipline will keep them.

## From "Farmer."

WINCHESTER, Scott Co., May 8, 1880.

**El. Register—**  
At last our long drouth seems fairly broken and we are having some splendid showers. So far this county has escaped storms that were damaging, though some fearful looking clouds have menaced us. The evening that Marshallfield suffered the prospect was anything but cheerful here. During that night buildings almost rocked, and also once since then. Yesterday afternoon a tornado seemed to be passing 25 or 30 miles southeast of us; another very ugly looking storm moved soon after up the Illinois river and northwest of us; while just before sunset a roaring gale centered right over us, but doing more good than harm.

This afternoon the storm has been almost continuous since 1 o'clock p. m., and every rivulet and furrow is full. We had some hail and a splendid display of lightning, while the thunder boomed incessantly.  
Wheat has come out finely of late; still there are some thin fields even on clay land, while, as I have told you before, the crop on the black prairie loam is mostly a failure altogether.  
Corn is nearly all planted; much of it up, and generally good stands.  
Small fruits are promising better than usual, though the planting and culture of these are sadly neglected—especially by farmers.

We have a large per cent. of Iron in our clay soils, and shot ore is almost as common as in Iron county, though few have noticed it, as it is generally very fine, still I have found it lately larger than I ever saw it in Missouri. This indicates the adaptability of our soil for fruit raising; but most land owners here look with contempt on such trifles, though their boys will risk a charge of shot or a pistol ball stealing such fruit out of the vineyards or gar-

dens of those who have the intelligence and industry to cultivate it.

Capital, by grasping and holding the land for hire or speculation, has done, and is now doing, more to deny remunerative labor to live by labor than anything else, and could we have a change in this respect, so that the price of land would be brought within the range of its products, kept there, orchards, and vineyards, and gardens and homes, would be ten—yes, a hundred fold. Rent is so high that it does not pay to hire land, while the landlords are generally of the picaunish stripe, or penny-pinchers; and as to buying that is out of the question, if a man expects to pay it off the land itself.

Politicians and office-seekers are another class being cut out for the full campaign. "Uncle Toby's" doleful picture of St. Louis would suit this State, and I suppose every other in the Union, very well. The great struggle is for office and to make office-holding pay. The real and true interests of the people are left out of the account, though, of course, a great deal of solicitude concerning them is expressed by aspirants.

It makes one feel as though he had come from home, in leaving Iron county, when Emerson's and Dr. Farrar's letters are read; but there is light and shade in every picture, and these gentlemen, for reasons best known to themselves, are only touching on the high lights. Whether one goes to Iron or any other county in the United States, except, perhaps, barren plains and mountains, he finds that money is ahead of him and has taken place and choice for keeps where there is any pick and choice. Even from distant New England and from Australia we hear that labor is crowded from its natural prestige, the soil; and those who would gladly toil if they could enjoy the honest fruits of their labor are forced into necessity, and necessity is the mother of crime as well as of invention. No, there were many reasons why we liked Iron county; but, on the whole, we would rather get excused from the stumps, the washing and the winter-buscuit.

I had almost forgotten when speaking of politics to say our Greenbackers seem to be making some very sensible modifications in their creed. They now insist that all money shall be issued by the general government. Most of us could subscribe to that. Then they are not particular about the legal tender power of notes, provided no legal tender power is given to gold and silver. Now, as gold and silver do not need a law to force a creditor to take them, and as most of us would favor the non-collection of debts at law, there can be little urged by honest-money men against a platform so framed. If they would incorporate a few planks for the real relief and emancipation of labor, this new party would soon grow to such proportions that it would swallow both the old ones. Some day common sense will dawn in the minds of the masses and a great and good change over the spirit of our nation.

**MAY 10TH.**—The storm continued all night and it is still raining at day-light. During the night a storm went by two hundred yards north-west of the house I live in, throwing the fences, and at the next house, which lay right in the track, the fruit and shade trees are mostly wrecked, but the building not hurt. In a fence that I had to lay up this morning was part of a sound shingle that had been torn from a roof somewhere southwest of me.

It is now about 8 o'clock A. M. and another storm has just passed over. Later—Smithfield, or Aley (as it is sometimes called), was blown to pieces last evening.

## From Bellevue.

BELLEVUE, May 10th, 1880.

**El. Register—**  
Having been a constant reader of your paper for a long time, and not having seen anything from Bellevue on sheep, I will give you a report of our best sheep for wool—that being the staple with us at present: McKinney & Bro., from one ram one year old, clipped 11 1/2 pounds; J. W. Lashly, from four ewes, each one year old, clipped 37 pounds; G. G. Phillips, from one ewe one year old, clipped 13 pounds; Oliver Sloan, from twenty ewes, clipped 170 pounds; the same, from one ram two years old, clipped 13 1/2 pounds; Jefferson Russell, from one ram four years old, clipped about 12 pounds, unwashed. His wool was not weighed, but I am sure it will hold out, as I clipped him and all the sheep mentioned except one, and weighed or seen all weighed. Mr. Sloan's twenty ewes have twenty pounds by side, which, fleece 8 1/2 pounds. These sheep are of the Cotswold breed. Some are natives of this State and some of Illinois and Kentucky. I have clipped some of our common scrub sheep that had the same chance as the others, but could not get, on an average, over three to three and a half pounds to a sheep.  
We had a fine rain on Sunday night, which was much needed.  
Wheat is looking fine—never much better for time of year. The less rain the better for wheat, from now until harvest.  
Yours, Respectfully,  
L. D. C.